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Michigan Fourteenth Regiment

A DAY OF PRESENTATIONS.

Address on Presenting the Colors.

From Our Own Reporter. YPSILANTI, March 8.

To-day has been a gala day in the Fourteenth Regiment. This splendid regiment raised and equipped in as little time and at as little expense as any regiment raised in the State, is now fully ready to be ordered into the field, and is only waiting for the men to get their back pay. It is not unfair to say that no finer body of men has been raised in the State, or one which will win it more glory when the opportunity presents itself. It is the boast of the Fourteenth that they are fighting men. There are none of the home-guard stripe in it, or none who will quail when comes "the tug of war." The men who have joined it have done so purely from patriotic motives, under a sense of their duties to their country. They have entered the ranks of the army to wipe out the foul stain of rebellion from the fair escutcheon of our country, even if in doing so they wipe from the face of the land every traitorous rebel who has taken up arms against it. They are men who are not afraid to fight, but glory in the hope of having a chance to some day. They are men who are not afraid of hardship and privations, for they are of the staunch yeomanry of the State, men who are accustomed to hard knocks, and to vigorous physical exercise. The record of the war thus far shows that it is of such material that our fighting regiments are composed. Let the gallant Fourteenth come face to face with "secesh," and ten to one, if the monster doesn't surrender without striking a blow; they will walk through it and over it and leave not a trace, not even so much as the "hem of his garment." The men have determination stamped in every action, and it is said that every man has privately taken by himself the oath that he will die sooner than surrender. In all the regiments which have gone from this State there are none with whom this regiment would suffer in comparison.

The companies have also progressed finely in drill. The company movements were executed with promptness and precision. On dress parade, when the whole regiment was out in line, it presented a very fine appearance. The regiment was long since filled to the maximum, and many have been turned away because there was no place for them. Of course this surplus number has given a great chance for picking the best men. The report of the Adjutant to-day shows 1,012 men on duty. The officers evidently understand their duty, and the privates obey the commands with alacrity. The regiment has a very fine brass band, which plays remarkably well, considering the fact that the members have only been together for two or three weeks, and have had very limited practice. The discipline of the camp is excellent. All orders are promptly and cheerfully obeyed. The interior of the very comfortable barracks looks as elegant as a house newly garnished and swept. The bunks are ranged on either side of the rooms. The beds are neatly made up. The floors are cleanly swept, and spittoons are placed in the rooms. Any man who spits upon the floor is compelled to pay a fine. Thus order and neatness everywhere prevail, to the credit of the privates as well as officers.

To-day the regiment set apart for a series of presentations. In the morning the non-commissioned officers and privates of company B presented Captain Jeffers with a splendid sword, sash and belt. The sword is considered a very elegant one, being one of the nicest that could possibly be procured. The Captain accepted the sword in a neat little speech.

The non-commissioned officers and privates of Company E also presented Captain Beebe with an elegant sword and trappings. The gift was worthily bestowed.

PRESENTATION TO THE MAJOR.

No one man has done more towards raising the regiment than Major Quackenbush. He has labored indefatigably from the time he first set out in the undertaking until the regiment was full. The officers cheerfully award him credit for his earnest efforts in filling up the regiment. The men appreciate his labors, and have sought some fitting testimonial to be given him as a token of their esteem for him as a gentleman and a soldier. Accordingly, the four companies raised by him, A, D, E and K, this morning presented him with a beautiful horse.

At half-past 9 the four companies above mentioned were drawn up in the form of a hollow-square. In the centre were the field, staff and company officers, the regimental band and the horse to be presented. The horse is a large and powerful bay, bright and gentle. The Major was escorted to the centre, when Orderly Sergeant Foote, of Company E, who had been appointed to present it in behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the four companies mentioned, stepped forward and briefly addressed him. He said he was called upon to perform a pleasing task in behalf of the many warm friends who had come with this tribute of their affectionate regard and esteem for him since his connection with the Fourteenth Regiment. He concluded by saying: "That the God of Battles may shield and protect you and our glorious cause is the sincere wish of each and all of us."

The Major listened to the remarks of Sergeant Foote with uncovered head, and at their conclusion stepped forward and said that he was so completely overcome with emotion that he hardly knew what to say. He could only thank them from the bottom of his heart, and assure them that he should ever try to prove himself worthy of the esteem which he had so good evidence they entertained for him. He said he was so overcome with emotion that he could not find words to express himself, and begged they would excuse him from saying anything more until some future time.

The horse was fully caparisoned with a splendid saddle, bridle and a brace of revolvers. Upon a silver plate on the saddle is the following inscription: "Presented to Major M. J. W. Quackenbush, by the non-commissioned officers and privates of Companies A, D, E and K, Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, March 8, 1862."

The Major then mounted his horse, and, escorted by the four companies and the regimental band, marched through several of the streets, when, again thanking them for the magnificent gift, the companies gave him three hearty cheers and dispersed.

PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS.

The noon train from the East brought up the invited guests from Detroit, consisting of Gov. Blair, Adjutant General Robertson, Colonel Lum, Colonel Pittman, Captain Lee, Captain Mizner, Captain Jones, and several citizens of Detroit. At two o'clock the regiment formed, under the command of Major Quackenbush, in front of their barracks, and, headed by the regimental band, proceeded to an open park on the eastern side of the city, where a temporary stand had been erected. Around the stand an immense throng had assembled. It was estimated that at the least five thousand persons were present. The regiment was drawn up in front of the stand in five divisions, two companies in each line, the color company in the centre. After the national air by the band, Professor J. M. B. Sill, in behalf of the ladies of Ypsilanti, presented the banner to the regiment in the following words:

foe. Soldiers prompt, ready, fearless, magnanimous and merciful.

It is yours to sustain this noble name that the soldiery of the West has secured. When the trumpet of war first sounded, awaking the great North from its dream of security and rousing it to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, the old Bay State was the first to respond. The men of Massachusetts and New York, under the indefatigable Butler, saved the capital in its hour of deadly danger. But the West, unready for such a crisis, though she burned with indignation when our flag was insulted, though she responded no less enthusiastically, was not so prompt to the war path. And so for a while the West was almost forgotten. But, by-and-by her squadrons came pouring in. We all remember the Michigan First and its triumphal march to the South. When it trod the broad avenues of the capital, its proficiency in drill, its soldierly bearing, and its splendid equipment, challenged the admiration of the chiefs of the nation, and the sky was rent with the huzzas and plaudits of the admiring multitude. Ah! that gallant First; may all Michigan's soldiers do as bravely and as gloriously. There was a day when the nation went down into the valley of humiliation, nay, almost into the valley of the shadow of death; the day when our trembling capital received back its grand army, not with flying banners, with trophies and hymns of victory, but drenched by a pitiless rain, broken, dismayed and discomfited. And the history of that day tells us that the men of Michigan were first in the fight and last to retreat—and it tells us, too, that her blessed and immortal dead lay nearer than all others to the volcanic batteries of Manassas.

I commend to your notice the devices and the motto of this banner. You face rebellion with this sentiment, "Not to make war on opinion, but to suppress treason."

We as citizens, you as soldiers, cannot keep too constantly in view this central fact, that this war has but one object—to crush treason—to leave the vile rattlesnake wriggling in the dust and dying beneath the wheel of the constitution—to root out and destroy the infernal heresy secession—to make the way of those who in any future time may raise the standard of revolt, a particularly hard road to travel—to make this godless attempt of reckless demagogues a hissing and a by-word among the nations, and a synonym for folly gigantic and unparalleled. But as we regard our national safety and our national honor, let us remember that this is indeed the grand end of the war. We have to do with treason. The law defines it, and provides for its punishment. So let us punish it. Let us not heed the dangerous counsels of those who would make gain of the public calamity, who would now, while the fountains of the great deep are broken up, carry into effect long cherished designs at war with justice and common sense. Men who offer us their own thin shallowness for the wisdom and patriotism of a tried and tested constitution which alone can be our guide and rallying point. Let us heed rather the words of the old Michigan statesman, and "cling to the constitution as the mariner clings to the last plank when the night and the storm are upon him." Soldiers, the night is about us—and the storm is raining its thunderbolts upon us. Perilous rocks are upon every side; clouds big with tempest obscure the face of the heavens. But the ship of State sails on securely, because amid all the gloomy horror of the night, a glittering star shines out, a steadfast polestar, our blessed and honored constitution. The eye of our calm, brave Chief Magistrate is fixed upon it. Our gallant General-in-Chief, standing sublimely silent in the storm of obloquy that beats upon him, still points to it, and we shall be safe; but woe to us on the day when we shall reject and dishonor it, to follow some uncertain, illusory will-o-the-wisp, that, rising from the addle head of folly, or the rotten heart of partisanship, wanders idly about. Observe, also, the device. The beautiful representation of Justice, her eyes bandaged, her sword in her left hand, and in her right, the even scales of justice.

The grand army of the Republic proposes to enforce the laws, to demand and to have its own, and to deal evenhanded. The Republic asks for no more, and will accept no less. This is a rebellion not of the people, but of reckless and ambitious chiefs, who, for scores of years, have persistently educated the people to believe that the whole North was a unit against them, determined to crush and oppress them. They taught them that the venom of a few pestiferous fanatics, who proclaim the constitution an agreement with death and a covenant with hell, is the voice of the whole people, that we desire only to rob them of their rights, devastate their country and bring desolation to their hearths, and they have persisted in this wicked and shameless lie until the people, deluded and betrayed, have given into their reckless hands their fortunes, lives, and their honor. To-day we place in your hands the banner of justice, and bid you undecieve them by bearing it at all times consistently and honorably. On the reverse are the arms of the State. Though you are now identified with the army of the Republic, you still belong to us of the Peninsular State. Forget not the place of your nativity or adoption, and remember that her glory and her shame are in the hands of her soldiers.

Painted on the reverse is also a dawning day, and, struggling into light, is seen the sacred word "Union," happy and appropriate thought of the painter. I congratulate you, soldiers, that the morning is breaking; already is the sky red with the glory of the dawn. Day by day joyful tidings come to us. Every morning sows its seeds of hope, and every evening gathers and garners the fruited sheaves. Missouri is purified, Kentucky is saved, Tennessee is redeemed. In the shining calendar of glorious months, let the last be marked evermore with white. The standard of treason, borne by a frightened and demoralized mob, all the weaker for its vast numbers, has been hotly chased by our advancing squadrons. Persistent and indomitable heroism, with the blessing of God on our arms, have been too strong for the defenses and batteries of Forts Henry and Donelson. Smoking ruins mark the place where stood the Gibraltar of the West; deserted without a blow by its outgeneraled armies. On the seacoast our glorious armada has done work which shall make the names of Burnside and Goldsboro go down to posterity beside those of the intrepid and successful Generals of the West.

Rebeldom is in a ferment. In its very capital Union conspiracies compel martial law and the disarming of the people. Northern Alabama is stretching out her hands to our armies, and praying them to rear again the old Stars and Stripes. Their emissaries to foreign courts stand out in the cold and shiver. The doom of treason is written; the day of peace approaches. In bringing about that peace I prophecy a noble part for the Michigan Fourteenth. Take, then, this banner—our prayers and our hearts go with you—and return it to be inscribed with the names of glorious victories in which it has borne an honorable part.

Colonel Sinclair then stepped forward and received the banner in behalf of the regiment. He briefly replied to the sentiments expressed by Prof. Sill. He said a soldier was a man not of words, but of deeds. He offered his warmest thanks to the people of Ypsilanti, who had ever manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of the regiment. Especially to the ladies, who had honored them with the noble gift, were due the soldier's best offering, the sincerest thanks of his heart. He concluded by accepting the banner at their hands.

The regiment then presented arms and saluted the colors, after which they were delivered into the hands of the color-bearer. Prof. Foote, assisted by several young ladies and gentlemen, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." Governor Blair was then introduced, and briefly addressed the men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the whole regiment joined in the song written for them to the tune of "Old John Brown," whose soul is yet "marching on." The regiment then marched through the principal streets of the city to their barracks.

Receipts of the Industrial School.

The Ladies' Industrial School Association gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$310.47 as the net proceeds of promenade concert, dinner and festival of December 22d and 23d. Included in the above sum were the following donations: H. P. Baldwin, \$25; Mrs. Philo Parsons, \$25; Hon. Lewis Cass, \$10; Mrs. D. B. D., \$5; Mr. Partridge, \$5; J. W. Waterman, \$10; a friend, \$10; Mr. Hoffman, \$25; Mrs. A. D., \$4; Judge Goodwin, \$5; Anthony Dudgeon, \$5; Alfred Russell, \$8; David Cooper, \$10; W. K. Muir, \$5, and an order for \$5 in merchandise; Mrs. F. Buhl, order for \$25, do.; donation of bill by R. W. King, \$5; Mr. Winneman's bill \$1.75; Mr. Hesselbacher's bill, \$1.13; Mrs. Lyman Briggs, 41 bread tickets; Mrs. Hoffman, calico; Duncan Stewart, 6 cords of wood; Richard Hall, wood; Mr. Sam Browning, 36 bread tickets.

In answer to an appeal to the churches of the city for aid, the following sums were received in January and February: First Presbyterian Church, by William A. Howard, \$54.29; Jefferson Avenue Church, by Elisha Taylor, \$36, and Mr. James Riggs order for \$2 in merchandise; Miami Avenue Church, by Colin Campbell, \$15; Tabernacle Baptist Church, by Mahlon Frost, \$13; Westminster Church, by H. K. Clark, \$33.58; First Baptist Church, by Samuel Browning, \$12.71; Lafayette Street Methodist Church, by Mrs. Reed, \$6.28; Congress Street Methodist Church, by J. M. McCune, \$5.08, and orders for \$2 in bread; Congregational Church, by Francis Raymond, \$58.75; Unitarian Church, by J. Wiley, \$136.50, and an order for 2 barrels of flour; donation from Willard Parker, \$5; E. A. Drury, \$10; Skating Park, by Justus Ingersoll, \$40; net proceeds of Tableaux Vivants \$700.90.

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